Hitchhikers' Paradise

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Hitchhikers' Paradise

by abbymyg

Summary

Will is hitchhiking to escape Wolf Trap. Nigel picks him up.

For the bingo fill: Wolf Trap.

Notes

Hi! This is my first time writing dogsdogs, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will has to get out of Wolf Trap as soon as possible. There's a corpse in the forest near his house and he wants to be as far away from it as possible when it gets discovered. It might take the police a few days or weeks to find it but Will is sure they will and, when the moment comes, he won't be there to answer their questions.

If he can make it to Baltimore's airport and take a plane to some other state or, better, country, better.

But driving is not an option. He doesn't want to leave a trace for the police to follow. Calling a taxi or an Uber isn't a great idea either. So he settles for the next best thing: hitchhiking.

So he grabs his bag, walks to the nearest highway, and waits for someone willing to pick him up. He didn't consider how incredibly annoying it would be to stand waiting under the hot sun of mid-July. He's wearing the shortest pair of shorts he owns, and a crop top Beverly got him as a present in college and he has refused to even touch it until now.

He wishes he had thought of grabbing a water bottle. Oh, well, it's too late for it now.

He wipes the sweat off his eyebrow and sighs, sitting on a rock on the side of the road. He left his phone at home to avoid being tracked, so he honestly doesn't have anything to do. He's so bored he starts trying to find shapes in the clouds.

A few cars drive by and he tries to get them to stop, but they all ignore him. A particularly rude driver even honks at him for no reason.

He's about to give up and simply go to the nearest police station to surrender when one black car appears in his field of vision, diving quite quickly. Will tries his luck one last time and raises his thumb.

Will is out of hope now, expecting to be ignored again but, to his surprise, the car slows down and stops. The vehicle has tinted windows, so Will can't take a peek at the driver until he rolls down the window.

Holy shit, he is hot as hell.

The man has ashy blond hair and hazel eyes, tanned skin, and a tattoo on the neck. He is wearing a white shirt with the first three buttons undone, revealing just the tiniest hint of chest hair. He holds a lit cigarette in his hand that's not on the steering wheel. He brings it to his lips and takes a puff.

Will swallows, hard, aware that he is staring but unable to do anything about it.

"Where are you headed, gorgeous?" the man says and Will's knees almost buckle.

"Baltimore," he replies, his voice in a higher pitch than usual.

"Get in the car, then," the stranger tells him, commanding. "You can put your bag in the backseat, trunk's full."

Will fights back the urge to reply with a “yes, sir.”

He climbs into the passenger seat of the car and fastens the belt. The stranger begins driving, occasionally taking a hit from his cigarette. Will looks at him in silence, taking his time to analyze him. There’s something about him that screams danger and he hates himself for how much the thought arouses him.

“What’s your name?” the stranger asks, breaking the silence.

“Will,” the boy replies. “Yours?”

“Nigel,” he says. “How old are you, Will?”

“Twenty-one,” he answers.

Nigel throws what’s left of the cigarette out of the window and grabs another one from the pack placed on top of the center console of the car.

“Why are you going to Baltimore, Will?”

“I’m escaping from something,” he explains ambiguously.

“You’re in a hurry, then?”

“More or less.” Will shrugs.

“And wasn’t there a safer option for you to leave Wolf Trap?” he wonders.

Will represses his smile. “Are you saying you’re dangerous?” he asks.

“Hitchhiking *can* be dangerous,” he tells him. “Especially when you are dressed—” Nigel motions up and down his body “—like that.

“Dressed like what?” Will asks, amused. He likes where the conversation is going.

“Like someone who would be willing to pay for the ride by giving me a blowjob,” he replies bluntly.

“I am,” Will doesn’t hesitate to reply.

He wonders if Nigel spreads his legs wider consciously or unconsciously. He turns to look Will in the eyes for a brief second, checking if he’s being serious.

“Fuck, okay, sure, why not?” Nigel says. He chuckles. “Have a go at it.”

Will smiles like a cat that caught the mouse.

He reaches to unbuckle Nigel’s belt and unzips his pants with a quickness that the other man appreciates once his growing erection is free from his restrictive jeans. *And shit* , not only is the man the sexiest person Will has ever seen, but his cock is also big, probably the widest he’s ever seen outside of porn.

Will bends down until his lips are a movement away from his cockhead. He blows hot air on it.

“Don’t tease me, darling,” Nigel warns him, yanking his hair and making Will moan. “I don’t recommend it.” He lets him go.

Will follows his advice and licks the tip, offering special attention to the slit for a minute before he takes it inside his mouth. It feels heavy against his tongue and he moans, pleased. He lets himself enjoy it for a moment, before taking the rest of Nigel inside his mouth until his nose is buried in the man’s neatly trimmed pubic hair.

He doesn’t care how the sudden movement makes the back of his throat hurt nor how he has to consciously fight against the instinctive gagging reflex. Nigel’s reaction is worth it.

The car stirs from its path for a second before Nigel quickly recovers control of it, but Will notices it anyway. The hand holding his cigarette moves to his hair—not pulling this time, just resting there—and he loudly groans.

“Fuck, gorgeous,” he sighs. “Just like that.”

Will hums and moves up, getting almost all of Nigel’s cock out of his mouth before sinking down again, making sure to lick the underside as efficiently as he manages from the position he is in. He bobs his head up and down in a quick rhythm, delighting in the sounds the older man makes.

“You really know how to suck a cock, huh *little whore* ?”

The degrading nickname sends shivers down Will’s spine and he can’t help the strangled moan that escapes his throat.

“You like that, whore?” Nigel asks, tightening his fingers on Will’s hair. “You’d do great in my club, with a mouth as talented as yours.”

The rational part of Will’s brain immediately screams DANGER in capital letters to him as soon as Nigel says those words. The other part of him is too aroused to find them any other than exciting. God, he’s so hard.

As he fastens his pace, Will fantasizes about Nigel stopping on the side of the road to fuck him in the backseat, as counterproductive as that would be for his escape. He’d give anything to feel those rough hands grabbing his waist with enough strength to leave bruises that’ll last him *days* . He’d love to be fucked fast and hard, to be so /full/ he’d forget everything about his escape plan.

Nigel’s cock twitches inside his mouth, regaining Will’s attention.

“Are you going to swallow everything, gorgeous?” Nigel asks, as he brushes Will’s chin with his index finger.

Will looks up and, as much as he knows it’s the safest alternative, he’s disappointed to see that Nigel’s eyes are fixed on the road, not him.

Will hums in agreement, continuing to bob his head. Nigel's knuckles go white from how hard he's holding the steering wheel, and he tightens his fingers on Will's hair, right on the edge of pain. Will moans.

Nigel moans and spills directly into Will's throat without further warning. It makes Will choke a little bit, but he still swallows it. He gradually lets Nigel out of his mouth, then licks his head clean, gathering the last few drops in his tongue.

Nigel chooses that exact moment to take his eyes off the road and look at him, so Will shows him his tongue before returning it to his mouth to swallow.

"Fuck," Nigel groans. "You're too good at this, gorgeous."

Will smiles, satisfied.

"Will that suffice as payment?" he says nonchalantly.

He straightens on his seat, massaging his cramped neck.

Nigel smirks with the cigarette between his lips. He hums, faking to be thinking about it.

Will knows the answer before he speaks it.

"It's not enough to cover the full expense," he says as he turns on the blinkers to stop on the side.

Will grins.

End Notes

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